

THE BRANDON MAIL.

Thursday, October 31, 1895.



HINTS ON PLOWING.

A short chapter on plowing is given by the American Agriculturist which will be read with interest by our readers. It has been furnished by Mr. Charles E. Benton, Massachusetts.—A plow is simply a wedge, which is forced between the furrow slice and the land, to separate the two. Like all wedges it is most efficient, when the force is applied most nearly in line with the direction of its work. To accomplish this, the devil and the trusses should be adjusted until the required distance is obtained. Or if a wheel is set so that the plow is too high, higher, adjust the wheel and let out the trusses until the wheel runs on the ground all the way. A plow properly adjusted will run flat, and will not break its point, while if it is adjusted



FIG. 1. SOIL PLOWED FIG. 2. BACK-FURROW TOWARDS THE FENCE. FIG. 3. FROM THE FENCE.

The children of the rural districts learn in their earliest play, in the game song which rehearses the quondam about the wedding dress of "Miss Jenine L. Jones," that "green means forsaken, and that will never do," and that "white is to marry in."

In all ages and among all civilized people white has been chosen for the dress of the bride if she is a girl, but in different countries and at different times, of course, is attached to various bits of color in the way of accessories. The mandate that a bride must wear "something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue," is so generally recognized that the efforts to comply with it often cost much more concern and manipulation than plans for evading the vexing word "blue."

That fortunate damsel who inherits a field in which his been passed along the line of her grandmother's has no trouble in fulfilling the first condition. She finds it hard to weave in the color which stands for loyalty. It frequently does service in the way of a tiny blue bow, which is tied around the field and forever and forever turns the furrows outward toward the fences. The result may be seen in many an old field in the accumulated depth of soil near the fences, while a gaping central furrow with its attenuated corner furrows receding to the fences, is enough to make the cold chills run down the back of a truly modest maiden. The effect of this kind of plowing is shown in Fig. 4, the diagram showing the accumulations of soil near the fences by the "round and round" system.

As a partial remedy for this evil, some have practised a system of "back furrowing" away from the fences. The effects of this are shown in Fig. 2, where it is seen that, while it keeps the soil from accumulating near the fences, as under the other system, still the soils are only transferred to another part of the field, the center of the field being denuded, while the soil continues to be piled in ridges. Even when the back furrows are laid out of unequal width, the unequal distribution of the soil is only a little more spread and less aptant.

To avoid all these imperfections, I drew a model toward the center. Begin by providing a few dozen light stakes, and a twine a fathomed feet in length. Now, with an assistant, measure the length of the string from the fence, and set a few stakes, as shown by the outer dotted line

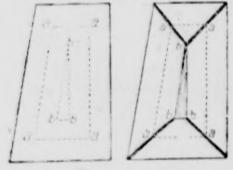


FIG. 3. DIAGRAM FOR FIG. 4. LEFIELD PLOWED PLOVING TOWARDS THE CENTER.

FIG. 4. Beginning at these stakes measure inward again and set stakes as before and repeat the process until you have reduced the field to a small center or core bounded in the figure by the inner dotted line b. Now begin to plow at the outer end, turning the furrows, turning the furrows toward the center, and being careful to finish even to the stakes. Then back-furrow from each corner of this central piece, to the corresponding corner of the field, going out and back twice on each corner.

The field will then appear as shown in Fig. 4, and you can begin plowing all the way around the central piece, turning the furrows toward the center until the field is completed. The different sets of stakes will serve as guides by which the different sides of the piece will be kept even, and the whole will finish even to the fence. A labor-saving expedient, is to simply back-furrow the corners of the field, as shown in Fig. 4. If it is said you are not strong, then you reach the outer turned corner of the field, with the stopping the team you simply pull the plow over on the mudboard, and while the team makes an easy turn you guide the plow to its place and let it take furrow on the other side without pause or hindrance. In fact the corner is turned in this way much easier and quicker than in the ordinary manner of going around the land.

Fond Wife—I want you to get Ethel and myself some of those 54 button gloves.

Loving Husband—I cannot do it, dear. They are very expensive.

Fond Wife—I know it, darling. They come high, but we must have them.

Quite so.

Haverly—What is the difference between collision and collision?

Austen—if you and I should come into collision and you had me arrested for assault and then agreed to settle the matter out of court, the difference would be between *and* and *in*.

His Date.

Miss East (touring in Oklahoma)—Where were the remains of your late husband interred, Mrs. Luckman?

The Widow Luckman (sally)—There wasn't any remains—he met a bear.

A Barnegat Rebuff.

Mr. Softleigh—Miss Peachblow, if I should ask you for just one little kiss, would you refuse me?

Miss Peachblow—Yes, mine only come in job lots."

SUPERSTITIONS IN GOWNS.

Fashion, that inexorable "she who must be obeyed," has one for whom she has never wholly conquered in the matter of wedding dresses.

It is custom that brings superstition as an ally even into this end of the century. How strong is the sway of this power behind the scenes, evidenced by the fact that the bride, like the simple green admittance wrought in a nuptial celebration at Oneonta last week. While the prospective bride, with the offhand calmness and deliberation which are supposed to stamp the woman of the period, was waiting for the minister to find his place in the marriage service, she picked up a newspaper and glanced through its columns, just to put the remainder of the interested persons at their ease.

Her eyes instinctively found a paragraph in a collection of superstitions which announced that "a bride should never be married in colors if she wishes to be happy. The most unfortunate colors are yellow and green." As she looked down upon the green dress of the maid of honor, the bride refused to allow the ceremony to proceed, and was so obdurate to persuasion that she chose to have the engagement canceled rather than have the marriage service read under such auspicious circumstances.

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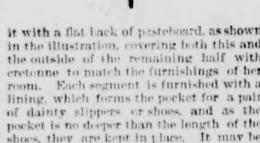


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THE PEOPLE MARVELLED

AT THE RESCUE OF MR. METCALFE OF HORNING MILLS.

Badly Crippled With Sciatic and an Intense Sufferer for Years—For Two Years Was Not Able to Do Any Work—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restore Him to Health.

From the Shelburne Economist.

The completion of the local telephone service between Shelburne and Hornings Mills by Messrs. John Metcalfe and W. H. Malath, referred to in these columns recently, was the means of bringing to the notice of a reporter of the Economist the fact of the remarkable restoration to health some time ago of Mr. Metcalfe, the chief promoter of the line. For about two years Mr. Metcalfe was a terrible sufferer from sciatica, and unable to work. While not altogether bedfast, he was so badly crippled that his bent form, as he occasionally hobbed about the streets of Hornings Mills excited universal sympathy. The trouble was one of the hips, and he could not stand or walk erect. His family attitude, as the residents of Hornings Mills can vouch, was a stooped over position, with the hand on his knee. Mr. Metcalfe says: "For about two years I was unable to do any work, and had to give up my business. I had a good income, and I was not able to support myself. I had to go to Toronto for treatment, with equally unsatisfactory results. I also tried electrical appliances without avail.

An Unfortunate Decapitation.

They have some nice encounters down the road, but here is one which I am sure will interest you. A man, whose loss was an unmixed sorrow, still, the deacon dutifully decided to give her a monument. Being rather "near" he haggled with the village stonemaster as to the size of the slab and finally chose a very narrow one, at a bargain. The inscription was as follows:

SARAH HACKETT.

"Lord, she was thin!"

But the stone was so narrow that there was no room for the last letter, so the stonemaster left it out, with this result:

SARAH HACKETT.

"Lord, she was thin!"

Molly's Church Benefit.

Parson—Who was Molly, did you like my sermon this morning?"

Molly—"Oh, yes, your reverence, 'twas mighty improving."

Parson—"And what part of it did you like best, Molly?"

Molly—"In troth, please your reverence, I don't remember any part exactly, but altogether it was mighty improvin'."

Parson—"Now, Molly, if you don't remember it, how could it be improving?"

Molly—"Now does your reverence see that little I have been washin' and dryin' on that hedge there?"

Parson—"Certainly, Molly."

Molly—"And isn't the linin' all the better for the washin'?"

Parson—"No doubt, Molly."

Molly—"But not a dirron of the soap and wather stays in it. Well, sir, it's the same thing, wid me. Not a word of the sarmint stays in me. But I am all the better and clainer for it, for all that."

She Was Superstitious.

There was about her a pose that came only from litigation.

She was not born yesterday, obviously. "George," she faltered, and her rich, mellow voice awakened a responsive thrill in the heart which was pumping blood into the arm about her wrist. "I'm afraid to marry you."

He was only human.

"Why, my darling?" he demanded in instantly.

She shaded her magnificent eyes with her curved lashes, she had been taught to do so previous to her boarding-school.

"Because, George," she murmured, "you are the thirteenth, and I am so superstitious."

But in time he convinced her there was really nothing to fear.

Crossing His Bow-Wows.

Dressing His Bow-Wows.

Dear Sirs—I can truly recommend Haggard's Yellow Oil for pain of any kind. I used to be distressed with pain in my bow-wow, and the doctor could not cure, and my doctor is a good one, too. DR. DAVID LABOR,

Waterford, Ont.

Acts Like Magic.

Humility is the great characteristic of great minds.

How Fido Bloomers.

Mother—"said the emancipated woman's boy, "it isn't proper to say pants, especially for that purpose. The Russian Jews of the east side are particularly fond of the old custom of rolling the britches to the color signifying innocence."

The boy played on with the dog in silence for a while and then looking up into her face, said:

"Mother?"

"What is it?"

"Don't you think it's dreadful?"

"What, dear?"

"The way Fido bloomers this warm weather."

The Old Man's Observation.

Eliza—*if the man in the moon took sick what would he do?*

J. E. EDWARDS, Amherst, Ont.

Pleasant as Syrup.

Mr. Douglas Ford, Toronto, Ont., states that Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry is free from objectionable taste, being almost as pleasant as syrup, while for coughs and colds it gives complete satisfaction, acting promptly even in obstinate cases.

Intellect is the simple power anterior to all action of construction.

One Bottle Cures.

Dear Sirs—This winter I was troubled with a severe cold, I tried several remedies but without avail. On the advice of a friend I bought a bottle of Haggard's Pectoral Balsam, which completely cured me. ROY B. STAPLES, Holland, Man.

Sometimes Successful.

Ben E. Dick—When women search their husband's pockets do they expect to find holes?

Crusty Bach—Yes, indeed; holes in their characters

Selishness is like asbestos, it don't wear out.

Doctors recommend Norway Pine Syrup because it is the best cure for coughs and colds. Price 25c. and 50c. at druggists.

The People Marvelled.

So Says Mrs. W. T. Rundie, of Dundalk.

After Using Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

THE PAIN IMMEDIATELY LEFT ME.

So Says Mrs. W. T. Rundie, of Dundalk.

After Using Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

How difficult it is for those afflicted with heart disease to get relief, and to get it quickly. The pain hangs on, and is suggestive of the most terrible results, for heart disease cannot be trifled with. Here was Mrs. W. T. Rundie, the wife of a well known cattle dealer in Dundalk, who suffered so severely from pain in the region of the heart, that to quote her own words: "I was for some time unable to attend to my household duties. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and I must say that the result was wonderful. The pain immediately left me. I am now in full strength, and have had no trouble since. Strong testimony, and yet Mrs. Rundie stands along with thousands of others who can say the same thing.

The enemy of art is the enemy of nature.—Lavater.

RECEIVED \$100 WORTH OF GOOD FROM EACH BOTTLE.

The Words of Rev. James Murdoch, of St. John, N. B., Concerning South American Kidney Cure.

This clergyman never spoke truer words. He had suffered a long time from kidney trouble, and commenced to think—so will certainly become the case if a remedy is not secured—that he was fated to die of kidney disease. He read the claims of the manufacturers of South American Kidney Cure, with scepticism perhaps. But he tried the medicine, and felt much benefited by it, in two days, and using his own language: "I have taken in all four bottles, and consider that I received \$100 worth of good from each bottle." The figure is not nearly high enough, for when kidney disease is not staved, death quickly follows.

Humility, like darkness, reveals the heavenly lights.

She Had to be Turned in Bed with Sheets.

"My wife," says Mr. Thomas Crosbie of Leslie, Ont., "was laid up with rheumatism for months and for two weeks the pain was so intense that she had to be turned in bed with sheets. I saw an advertisement in the Alliston, Ont., paper, saying that South American Rheumatic Cure would give relief in fifteen minutes, and quickly cure. I at once took the train for that place, and secured one-half dozen bottles from Mr. J. R. Hidwell, druggist. My wife began the use of it, and in 24 hours she was out of bed, and has not been troubled with rheumatism since. This remedy is a wonder worker, and I believe will prove a great blessing to any suffering from rheumatism."

The habit of looking at the bright side of things is worth more than a thousand a year.

EDWARD BLAKE'S SUCCESSOR IN DURHAM.

Robert Beith, M. P. for Durham, Ont., is Another Who Recommends Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

The observing public are commencing to say who has not a good word to say for Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder? Certainly the best citizens of the Dominion are talking its praises and not without cause. Mr. Robert Beith, member of the Commons for Durham; the old constituency of the Hon. Edward Blake, is another addition to the prominent citizens who have used this medicine, and from their own experience can say that for cold in the head, catarrh in its different phases and hay fever, there is no remedy equal to this. It never fails to relieve in ten minutes.

Fort William, Ont.

Mr. William Day, of Fort William, Ont., says: "Two years ago my wife was very ill with Dyspepsia. No remedy that she could find gave any relief. Finally she tried Burdock Blood Bitters, and after taking six bottles was entirely cured. That is not more than two years ago and she has had no return of the malady. I also have had occasion to use B. B. B. and I cannot speak too highly in its favor. I always recommend it to my friends and in every case with good results.

Yours very truly,

W. M. DAY.

San Insurance Office, ? FIRE.

Eastern Assurance Co., ? FIRE.

Quebec Fire Assurance Company.

London and Lancashire Life Ins. Co.

British and Foreign Marine Ins. Co.

Lloyd's Plate Glass Insurance Company.

W. R. ALLAN,

General Agent.

Winnipeg.

BUCKE & MALEY, Brandon, AGENT.

HAPPY

ALL OVER THE WORLD NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURES COUGHS & COLDS

The most popular elixir and favorite cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, Pain in the Chest and all Throat, Bronchial and Lung Diseases.

The healing anti-consumptive virtues of Norway Pine Syrup are well known. It is a valuable medicine with Wild Cherry and other pectoral Herbs and Balsams to make a true specific for all forms of disease originating from colds.

Price 25c. and 50c.

Dear Sirs—Just spend his Four Quarters for a bottle of

Burdock Blood Bitters

as

THE CHRONICLES OF MARTIN HEWITT

CRTAVR MORRISON

THE CASE OF THE MISSING LAND

CHAPTER I.

I think I have recorded in another place Hester's frequent aphorism that "there is nothing in this world that is all good, nor that has not happened or will happen in London." But there are many strange happenings in this matter-of-fact city, and in these cases the secret of fact does not occur far enough from London's frantic crimes, savage revenges, and sudden superstitions, hellish cruelty, and less in sight, have been no more disturbed by the advent of the nineteenth century than have the ancient who practised them in the dark. Some of the most bizarre stories heard in the past are still to be told.

But there are survivors in

I say these things, having in

all a particular case that came

to my notice that brought one up

with a gasp and a doubt of one's

and then the colonel was not in

at a gaudy great house parties

in Rotherwood partly because

he was a great one and partly

the colonel's game was. But

an excellent bit of shooting for

the gun and even when he was

to leave the house himself my

was always pleased if some good

asaving a good day's sport in

the attractions of the Rother-

wood. More than once I had sa-

died gentlemen when his host was

already resolute, amusing him

about some of the doings of

Mrs. Hewitt, and then he would

not stop his desire to meet

me again, and was com-

mitted to be presented to

at the first Rotherwood opportunity for

his visit to Rotherwood. At length

Hewitt took a fortnight's

vacation with a little vacation of

ours, and we got down to Rother-

wood a few days past September, and

a gun had been fired on the col-

on at once. There are two or us, so that it ought to be easy enough." And afterwards Mr. Robert said: "You'll know

with his back toward us, and began walking as we had walked, behind the hedge, but in the opposite direction. We fol-

lowed. He carried something in his hand that looked like a large bundle of sticks and twigs, and he appeared, as anxious to be secret as we ourselves. From time to time he stopped and listened; fortunately there was no moon, or in turning about, as we did once or twice he would have observed us. The field sloped downward just before us and there was another hedge at right angles, leading down to a slight hollow. To this hollow the man made his way, and in the shade of the new hedge we followed. Presently he stopped suddenly, stooped, and deposited his bundle on the ground before him. Crouching before it he produced matches from his pocket, struck a light, and then, holding a pair of twigs and small branches that sent up a heavy white smoke, what all this pretended I could not imagine, but a sense of the weirdness of the whole adventure came upon me uncheckered. The horrible carcass in the wood with its severed wrist, Hewitt's enigmatic forebodings, the mysterious tracking of the man with the broken shoe, the scene around "gypsies" fire, and now the strange behavior of this man, whose connection with the tragedy was so intimate, and yet so inexplicable—well these things contributed to make up a tale of but a few hours' duration out of an inscrutable impressiveness that I began to feel in my nerves.

The man bent a thin stick double, and, using it as a pair of tongs, held some indistinguishable object over the flames before him. Exulted as I was I could not help thinking that he bent and held the stick with his left hand. We crept stealthily nearer, and as I stood scarcely three yards behind him I looked over his shoulder the form of the object stood out clear and black against the drift red of the flame. It was a human hand.

CHAPTER V.

I suppose I may have somehow betrayed my amazement and horror to my companion's sharp eyes, for suddenly, I felt his hand tightly grip my arm just above the elbow. I turned and found his face close to mine and his finger raised warningly. Then I saw him produce a wrist-grip and make a motion with his palm inward, so that I understood what he intended to remind me of the gash he stamped forward.

The man turned his horrid cooking over and over above the crackling sticks, as though to smoke and dry it in every part. I saw Hewitt's hand reach out toward him, and in a flash we had pulled him back over his heels and I had driven the gag between his teeth as he opened his mouth. We seized his wrists in the coarse iron, and I shall never forget the man's long-drawn-out terror as he lay on the ground. When I knew more I understood the reason of this.

Hewitt took both wrist holds in one hand and drove the gag entirely into the man's mouth, so that he almost choked. A piece of sucking hay lay near the fire, and by Hewitt's request I dropped that awful hand from the wooden tongs upon it and rolled it up in a parcel—it was no doubt, what the sucking had been brought for. Then we lifted the man to his feet and hurried him in the direction of the cart. The whole capture could not have occupied thirty seconds, and, as I stumbled over the rough field at the man's left shoulder, I could not but think of the thing as thinks of a dream that one understands all the time is a dream.

But presently the man, who had been walking quietly, though gasping, stalling and choking because of the tightly rolled handkerchief in his mouth—presently he made a sudden dive, thinking doubtless to get his wrists free by surprise. But Hewitt was alert, and gave his wrists a twist that made him roll his head with a dismal, stifled yell, and with the opening of his mouth, by some chance, the gag fell away, immediately the man roared aloud for help.

"Quick," said Hewitt, "drag him along—they'll hear in the vans. Bring the man."

I seized the fallen handkerchief and crammed it over the man's mouth as well as I might, and altogether we made as much of a trot as we could, dragging the man between us, while Hewitt checked any reluctance on his part by a timely wrench of the wrist-holds. It was a hard two hundred and fifty yards to the lane, even for us—for the gypsy it must have been a bad minute and a half indeed. Once more as we went over the uneven ground he managed to get out a shout, and we thought we heard a distant reply from somewhere in the direction of the encampment. We pulled him over a stile in a tangle and dragged and pushed him through a small hedge gap in the head. Here we were but twenty yards from the cart, and into that we flung him without wasting time or tenderness, to the intense

"Take care of your hands, sir," they would say. "Keep them to yourself, or George will take em off with a big hook."

With his revenge for all this Smeathy took, unobserved, on their mother Truly, a miserable household.

Soon, however, the brothers left home, and went to London by way of looking for a profession. Henry began a belated study of medicine, and Robert made pretense of reading for the bar. Indeed, their departure was as much as anything a consequence of the earliest entry of their sister, who saw thus their presence at home was an exasperation to Smeathy and aggravated her mother's secret sufferings. They went, therefore, but at a Rotherwood which became worse little by little to be known outside the house, but it was broadly said that Mr. Smeathy's behavior had become outrageous beyond description. Servants left faster than new ones could be found, and gave their late employer the character of a raving maniac. Once, indeed, he committed his son in the village attacking with his walking-stick an inoffensive tradesman, and accidentally bruised him, and then left him, and pursued him. This assault had to be compensated for by a payment of ten pounds. And then Henry and Robert Foster received a most urgent letter from their sister, requesting their immediate presence at home.

They went at once, of course, and the servants' account of what occurred was this: When the leather arrived Mr. Smeathy had just left the house. The brothers soon shut up with their mother and sister for about a quarter of an hour, and then left them and came out to the stable yard together. The coachman was a new man, who had only arrived the day before, overheard a little of their talk as they stood by the door. Mr. Henry said that "the thing must be done, and that"

coping anecdote thrown in. Since then I have learned enough of Romney to take my part in such a conversation, but at the time a word or two here and there was all I could understand. In all this talk the man we had first noticed stretching the rope took very little interest, but lay with his head away from there, smoking his pipe. He was a much darker man than any other present—had, in fact, the appearance of a man who had been smoking in the middle of the long and, of course, to me unintelligible, the pipe of old men. I caught Hewitt's eye. He lifted one eyebrow almost imperceptibly, and glanced for a single moment at his walkingstick. Then I saw that it was pointed towards the feet of the very dark man who had not yet spoken. One leg was thrown over the other as he lay, with the sole of his shoes presented towards the fire, and in its glare I saw—that the right sole was worn and broken and that a small triangular tag of leather was doubled over beneath in just the place we knew.

I could not take my eyes off that man with his broken shoe. There lay the secret. The whole mystery of the last crime in Rotherwood centered in

of the people debarred by Smeathy's late companies."

"The motive," said Hewitt, "is, I fancy, almost extraordinary—indeed a weird one; a thing of centuries ago. Ask me no questions—I think you will be a little surprised before very long. But come, we must move." And we wended our pace along the lane.

The lane by the bye was hard and firm, with scarcely a spot where a track might be left except in places at the sides, and at these places Hewitt never gave a glance. At the end of the lane turned into a by-road, and at the turning Hewitt stopped and scrutinized the ground closely. There was nothing like a recognizable footprint to be seen, but almost immediately Hewitt turned off to the right, and we continued our brisk march without a glance at the road.

"How did you judge which way to turn?" I asked.

" Didn't you see?" replied Hewitt. "I'll show you at the next turning."

Half a mile further on the road forked, and here Hewitt stopped and pointed silently to a single small twig placed diagonally with the longer twig the two pointing with the branch of the road to the left. We took the branch to the left and went on.

"Our man's making a mistake," Hewitt observed. "He leaves his friend's messages lying about for his enemies to read."

We hurried forward with scarcely a word. I was almost too bewildestered by what Hewitt had said and done to formulate anything like a reasonable guess as to what our expedition tended, or even to make an effective inquiry—though after what Hewitt had said I knew that would be useless. Who was this mysterious man with the broken shoe, what had he to do with the murder of Smeathy, what did the initials mean, and who were his friends who left him signs and messages by means of crossed twigs?

We met a man, by whom I sent a short note to my uncle, and soon after we turned into a main road. Ho, again, at the corner was the curious message of twigs. A cart wheel had passed over and crushed them, but it had not so displaced them as to cause any doubt that the direction to take was the right. At an inn a little

farther along we entered and Hewitt bought a pint of Irish whiskey and a flat cap of bacon, and a loaf of bread, as well as a loaf of bread and some cheese, which we carried away wrapped in paper.

"This will have to do for our dinner," Hewitt said, as we emerged.

"But we're not going to drink a pint of common whisky between us!" I asked, in some astonishment.

"Never mind," Hewitt answered, with a smile. "Perhaps we'll find somebody to help us—somebody not so fastidious as yourself as to quality."

Now we hurried—hurried more than ever it was beginning to get dusk and reading the twig signs in the dark. Two o'clock and the moon, which had been silent, directed us across the road.

To me there was something almost weird and creepy in this curious hunt for the invisible and incomprehensible, guided faithfully and persistently at every turn by this now unmistakable signal. After the second turning we broke into a trail along a long, winding lane, but presently Hewitt's hand fell on my shoulder and we stopped. He pointed ahead, where some large object round a bend of the hedge, was illuminated as though by a light from below.

"We will walk now," Hewitt said.

"Remember that we are on a walking tour, and have come along here entirely by accident."

We proceeded with a swiftness which I could hardly believe, though each step was as silent as the others, either. See—*you use them so,* and he passed the cord round my wrist, gripping the two handles and giving them a slight twist that sufficiently convinced me of the excruciating pain that might be inflicted by a vigorous turn, and the utter helplessness of a prisoner thus secured in the hands of captors prepared to use their instruments.

"Whom are these for?" I asked. "The man with the broken shoe?"

Hewitt nodded. "Yes," he said, "I expect we shall find him out alone about midnight. You know how to use these now."

It was fully eleven before the cart was ready and we started. A quarter of a mile or so from the gypsy encampment Hewitt stopped the cart, and gave the driver instructions to wait. We got through the hedge and made our way on the soft ground behind it, in the direction of the vans and the tent.

"Roll up your handkerchief," Hewitt whispered, "into a tight pad. The moment I grab him, roll it into his mouth—well in mind, so that it doesn't easily fall out. Probably he will be stooping—that will make it easier; we can pull him suddenly backward. Now be quiet."

We kept on till we came to the space between the vans and the hedge, and the hedge divided us from the space where the man was.

"We will walk now," Hewitt said. "Remember that we are on a walking tour, and have come along here entirely by accident."

We turned and walked rapidly down the incline to where we came from. Mr. Hardwick and his man were all there, the police and the magistrate looking on.

"We told Mr. Hardwick that he might expect the police presently, and proceeded along the grassy skirting the stream, toward the lower part of the wood.

Here Hewitt proceeded very cautiously, keeping a sharp lookout on either side for footprints on the neighboring soft ground. There were none, however, for the gravel margin of the stream made a sort of footpath of itself, and the trees and undergrowth were close and thick on each side. At the bottom we emerged from the wood on a small piece of open ground skirting a hedge, and here, just by the side of the lane where the stream fell into a trench, Hewitt suddenly pounced on another footprint.

"Here it is—the right foot with its heel broken, and the corresponding toe on the edge of the lane itself. See—the man with the broken shoe—he walked all the way down from the source of the stream, and his is the only trail unbroken for near the fence. Come, Brett, we've an adventure on foot. Do you care to let your uncle's dinner go by the board, and follow?"

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"Can't we go back and tell him?"

"Now there's no time to lose; we follow up this man—or at least I must. You go or stay, of course, as you think best."

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

"The evidence is positive. The fact of the throat and of the body being found treated so is pretty well enough, I should think. But that's nothing—look at those footmarks. They have crawled along with him, one each side, without a possible doubt; plainly they were the last people with him in any case. And you don't mean to ask anybody to believe that the dead man, even if he hung himself, cut off his own hand? Even if you do, where's the hand? And even putting aside all these considerations, such a complete case in itself, the Fosters must at least have seen the body as they came past, and yet nothing has been heard of them yet. Why didn't they spread the alarm? They went straight away in the opposite direction from home—there are their footmarks, which you've not seen yet, beyond the gravel."

Hewitt stepped over to where the patch of clean gravel receded into the open roadside, and we laid upon the bank, and there, sure enough, were the now familiar footmarks of the brothers, leading away from the scene of the crime, which you've not seen yet, beyond the gravel."

"Yes," Hewitt said, "I see them. Of course, Mr. Hardwick, you'll do what seems right in your own eyes, and in any case not much harm will be done by the arrest beyond a terrible fright for that unfortunate family. Nevertheless, if you care for my impression it is, as I have said, that the Fosters have not seen Smeathy today."

"But what about the hand?"

"As to that I have a conjecture, but as yet it is only a conjecture, and if I told it you would probably call it absurd. I think you'll understand. The case is complicated one, and if there is anything at all in my conjecture one of the most remarkable I have ever had to do with. It interests me intensely, and I shall devote a little time to following up the theory I have formed. You have, I suppose, already communicated it with the police?"

"I wired to Shropshire at once as soon as I heard of the murder. It's a twelve-mile drive, but I wonder the police have not arrived yet. They can't be long, I don't know, when the village constable has got to, but in any case he wouldn't be much good. But as to your idea that the Fosters can't be blamed, I really—just think. The notion is impossible—it's told impossible." As soon as the police arrived I shall have that trail followed, and the Fosters apprehended. I should be a fool if I didn't."

"Very well, Mr. Hardwick," Hewitt replied, "you'll do what you consider your duty, of course, and quite properly. Though I would recommend you to take



THE COACHMAN REPLIED THAT IT WAS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE ROTHERWOOD WOODS.

of the man's nature showed in the direction of the Rotherwood woods.

After a brief shooting, the colonel was not in the house, and when he was, he was a great one and partly because he was a great one and partly the colonel's game was. But

an excellent bit of shooting for the gun and even when he was to leave the house himself my was always pleased if some good asaving a good day's sport in the attractions of the Rotherwood. More than once I had said to myself, when his host was already resolute, amusing him about some of the doings of Mrs. Hewitt, and then he would not stop his desire to meet me again, and was com-

mitted to be presented to

at the first Rotherwood opportunity for his visit to Rotherwood. At length

Hewitt took a fortnight's

vacation with a little vacation of

ours, and we got down to Rother-

wood a few days past September, and

a gun had been fired on the col-

on at once. There are two or us, so that it ought to be easy enough." And afterwards Mr. Robert said: "You'll know

with his back toward us, and began walking as we had walked, behind the hedge, but in the opposite direction. We fol-

lowed. He carried something in his hand that looked like a large bundle of sticks and twigs, and he appeared, as anxious to be secret as we ourselves. From time to time he stopped and listened; fortunately there was no moon, or in turning about, as we did once or twice he would have observed us. The field sloped downward just before us and there was another hedge at right angles, leading down to a slight hollow. To this hollow the man made his way, and in the shade of the new hedge we followed. Presently he stopped suddenly, stooped, and deposited his bundle on the ground before him. Crouching before it he produced matches from his pocket, struck a light, and then, holding a pair of twigs and small branches that sent up a heavy white smoke, what all this pretended I could not imagine, but a sense of the weirdness of the whole adventure came upon me uncheckered. The horrible carcass in the wood with its severed wrist, Hewitt's enigmatic forebodings, the mysterious tracking of the man with the broken shoe, the scene around "gypsies" fire, and now the strange behavior of this man, whose connection with the tragedy was so intimate, and yet so inexplicable—well these things contributed to make up a tale of but a few hours' duration out of an inscrutable impressiveness that I began to feel in my nerves.

The man bent a thin stick double, and, using it as a pair of tongs, held some indistinguishable object over the flames before him. Exulted as I was I could not help thinking that he bent and held the stick with his left hand. We crept stealthily nearer, and as I stood scarcely three yards behind him I looked over his shoulder the form of the object stood out clear and black against the drift red of the flame. It was a human hand.

Henry and Robert decried the servants' account of what occurred was this: When the leather arrived Mr. Smeathy had just left the house. The brothers soon shut up with their mother and sister for about a quarter of an hour, and then left them and came out to the stable yard together. The coachman was a new man, who had only arrived the day before, overheard a little of their talk as they stood by the door. Mr. Henry said that "the thing must be done, and that"

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SATISFIED.

More than satisfied because our sales have been larger and our customers more numerous by far than we expected. We are not the only ones satisfied either for OUR GOODS, OUR PRICES and OUR STYLE of doing business in an honorable, straightforward way is what satisfies our customers. Once a customer of ours means a regular customer with us for we aim at retaining their confidence. FAIR PROMISES may induce some to buy once but they do not build up a reputation for fair dealing unless faithfully adhered to.

"*As it is all we ask*" Our goods and prices speak louder and more truthfully than words. This is what we mean. Many new lines of goods just arriving. Our enormous October trade has reduced many lines so that we were obliged to repeat our orders.

New Usterings, new imported silks, Japanese silk in all the leading shades, 27 inches wide at 50 and 65 cts. per yard. Lovely shades for evening wear. New Blous. Silks in small strips and fancy figures.

Chancille Curtains, table covers, Osaka Rugs, Art draperies etc. etc. just to hand. New Golf Jackets just in by express. New styles in millinery goods just to hand by express. The latest styles in Sailor Hats. Felt shapes &c. Come and see us every day in the week, we have six bargain days every week excepting holidays. All goods cut at such prices that cannot be undersold by and fair competition. No house in the country able to give more goods for the dollar than Brandon's greatest Dry Goods and Clothing House. We have not said anything about our clothing department, but we have a stock of Men's, Youth's and Boy's clothing which is not surpassed in the price for value, assortment, style or fit. A suit or overcoat from our store equals any tailor made garment in fit and appearance and we only ask about half the price. We have not time or space to give you the prices but we ask you to come and see us and take a look through our clothing and furnishing department which eclipses anything in our city. The great departmental store of Brandon. A grand and beautiful stock of Ladies' and Men's furs. In this line our sizes have been enormous and large; repeat orders are now on the way. Our stock of ladies furs is simply elegant and prices to suit all. When in the city call at Brandon's greatest departmental store.

The Leading House, McDiarmid Block, Rosser Avenue.

I. R. STROME.

P. S. Thursday, Nov. 21st being Thanksgiving Day and a public holiday, our stores will be closed.

THE MAIL.

THURSDAY, OCT. 31st, 1895.

WHEAT AND FLOUR VALUES.

What puzzles a great many farmers and buyers alike is why there should be the difference there is in the market values of wheat. There are in this country in most year nine grades of wheat of each kind, northern and frost, as the graders arrange the crop and the lowest is seldom more than one-third of the value of the first, and a great disparity in the prices of some of the intermediates. Why this should be to the extent it is puzzles the buyers, and especially as there are consumers in all conditions of life from the millionaire to the beggar on the streets.

If the suggestion of Mr. L. A. Hamilton of the C.P.R., Winnipeg, is acted upon by the government and a thorough test of the flouring capabilities and therefore the commercial values of all the grades be made by the government, it will go some extent to meet the necessities, but there is more to be done, persons who should be in a position to say in most of the larger cities of the old countries that are consumers, the products of the bakers are inspected by officers, and have to reach a certain standard, and as all informed people know, most of the poorer classes have not the facilities for baking for themselves. If these things be so then it is obvious our poorer grades of flour are practically kept out of the hands of the poorer classes, who should from the nature of things be the purchasers.

It would appear then that if the government made the tests suggested by Mr. Hamilton that if the classes of breads that can be made from our several grades of wheat was fully known; and if the bakers of the old country were permitted to make these classes under supervision, benefits all around would be sure to accrue. If it is found that a whole some article can be made under special preparation from our poor grades of wheat, these grades would of course rise correspondingly in commercial value.

There may be some grave difficulties surrounding the proper solution of these questions, but if a means of surmounting them were made available, benefits to all would certainly result, if the poorer people of the great consuming centres could get a reasonably good article of diet at a much lower figure than they are now paying for that made from our higher grades of wheat. Consumption of these lines would become considerably increased, and a rise relatively in the price of the grain would be sure to follow.

The Free Press protests against the inspection fee of 60 cents per car of wheat imposed by the Federal government at Port Arthur, and very properly so, as it is not necessary for the proper examination of the crop. We take it that Northwest producers should bear all the legitimate expense necessary to place our wheat properly on the markets of the world, but when the fee is calculated to create a revenue for the Federal treasury it becomes an imposition the people should not stand. The inspector at Port Arthur, a Feder-

al appointee, Mr. Gibbs, is paid a salary of \$1,000 a year, which, to put it mild, is \$2,000 too much, and that is all our crop ought to be asked to bear. The charge 60 cents per car is about one-tenth of a cent per bushel and as there will this year be probably 30,000,000 exported it means \$8,000 or \$25,000 revenue for the treasury taken directly from the people to make up the superannuation allowances of some government hacks. We again repeat the people of this country should not stand this imposition.

It is now generally understood that Mr. W. B. Scarth is to become deputy minister of agriculture at Ottawa on the 1st prox. in the room of Mr. Low, who is to be superannuated. What Mr. Scarth's actual knowledge of practical agriculture and its intricacies may be we do not know, but there is one thing certain the best knowledge he possesses on the subject, and that can come into play in his department, will be freely and honestly given to his office. He is a conscientious, energetic, capable man, and will do the very best he can for the country in his new appointment. We were not, however, prepared for the information that he would accept it. He was promised better, and he deserves better, but the treachery of some of the heads of the departments, who believe that all the offices of the country are created for their sole personal use and benefit will do us no good. Let us save the properly made tests, and let the results be fully established abroad, and the several grades of wheat will then once and forever take their real values in all recognized markets.

Captain Sweeney, U.S.A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50c. For sale by N.J. Halpin.

Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs, colds, and all throat and lung troubles price 25 and 50 cents.

The best cough cure is Haggard's Pectoral Balsam. It heals the lungs and cures coughs and colds.

To remove worms of all kinds from children or adults Dr. Low's Worm Syrup is a safe and sure remedy.

Sick headache and constipation are promptly cured by Burdock Pills. Easy to take, sure in effect.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says, "Shiloh's Vitalizer 'Saved My Life.' I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75 cts. For sale by N.J. Halpin.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS,

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and troubled not your rest by a sick child suffering from teething, give Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children. Teething will relieve the pain, interfere less, immediately stop the fits, and cure the fits. Take about it, it cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures White Colic, and other intestinal complaints. Gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children physicians and nurses in the United States. Price 25 cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

PSYCHINE

CONSUMPTION, Lung and Throat Diseases. Will cure Consumption, Lung and Throat Diseases. Give Express and Post Office Address, 1207, N.C. 10th West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

THE FAMILY MEDICINE.

Trout Lake, Ont. Jan. 2, 1890.

W. H. CONSTOCK Brockville.
Dear Sir.—For a number of years I have used and sold your "Dr. Morse's Ivan Root Pills," I consider them the very best for "Family Use," and all customers speak highly of them.

Yours truly,
R. Lawson.

POOR DISECTION leads to
HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

DIRECT AND SHORTEST LINE

All Points East.

DAILY TRAINS for all points on the
PACIFIC COAST,
and to ST. PAUL, CHICAGO and all
POINTS SOUTH.

THROUGH TRAINS.— DIRECT CONNECTIONS.

LAKE ST. JAMES FROM FORT WILLIAM.

Athabasca Sunday
Alberta Tuesday
Manitoba Thursday

For full information apply to F. C. MATHERSON, City Ticket Agent, or to H. LONGWORTH, Depot Agent, Brandon. ROBT. KERR, General Passenger Agent, Winnipeg, etc.

Having dissolved partnership with Mr. Shaw, I am now continuing in the old stand, opposite the City Hall, on my own account, where I propose to give all customers the very best satisfaction in all work entrusted to me with special attention to MORTISHOESING.

PERFECT MANHOOD!

How strained—how preserved,
Ordinary work on Physiology will not tell you;

the doctors can't or won't; but all the same

you wish to know. Your

SEXUAL POWERS

are the Key to Life

and its reproduction. Our book lays bare the

truth. Every man who

would regain sexual vi-

gor lost through falls,

or develop members

weak by nature or wasted by disease, should

write for our sealed book, "Perfect Man-

hood." No charge. Address (in confidence),

ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

:FINE TAILORING:

IF YOU WANT A GOOD CHEAP SUIT
DON'T FORGET TO CALL AND SEE

JAMES FERGUSON.

FOR YOUR SUMMERSUIT
FIT AND STYLE GUARANTEED.

Carry the Latest Samples from the best

Winnipeg and other Eastern Houses.

Cleaning and Repairing a specialty,

and the BEST OF WORKMANSHIP.

James Ferguson.

Corner 7th Street and Rosser Avenue.

TELEPHONE 144.

H. MCKAY,

LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLE



JUST SOUTH OF AND
CLOSE TO NEW C.P.R.
DEPOT.

TENTH STREET, BE-
TWEEN ROSSER AND
PACIFIC AVENUES...

"Blacksmithing

Having dissolved partnership with Mr. Shaw, I am now continuing in the old stand, opposite the City Hall, on my own account, where I propose to give all customers the very best satisfaction in all work entrusted to me with special attention to MORTISHOESING.

WM. WILSON.

That Tired Feeling

Means danger. It is a serious condition and will lead to disastrous results if it is not overcome at once. It is a sure sign that the blood is impoverished and impure. The best remedy is

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Which makes rich, red blood, and thus gives strength and elasticity to the muscles, vigor to the brain and health and vitality to every part of the body. Hood's Sarsaparilla positively

Hood's Sarsaparilla Makes the Weak Strong

"I have used six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a general tonic and have enjoyed the best of health. Although I had a strain of work I have had no sick spells for many months and no lost time, so I am doubly repaid." THOMAS S. HILL, 261 Brussels St., St. John, New Brunswick.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only
True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipa-

tion. Box 25c per box.

NORTHERN PACIFIC R.R.

THE POPULAR ROUTE TO ...

ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, CHICAGO,

And all points in the UNITED STATES and
CANADA: also the KOOTENAY
GOLD MINES.

PULLMAN PALACE VESTIBULED
SLEEPING AND DINING CARS -

ON EXPRESS TRAINS DAILY TO

TORONTO, MONTREAL,

And all points in EASTERN CANADA, St. Paul
and Chicago.

THE BRANDON

MACHINE. WORKS

Are to make an important announce-
ment in this space next issue.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Ocean : Steamship : Tickets.

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From MONTREAL

Sardinian—Alban Line October 26
Persian—Alban Line November 9
Labrador—Dominion Line November 2
Vancouver—Dominion Line November 6
Lake Huron—Beaver Line October 3
Lake Superior—Beaver Line November 8

Passenger Tickets through to all points in

Great Britain and Ireland, and specially

rate to all parts of the British Continent.

Apply to F.C. Peterson, C.P.R. Passenger

Agent, or J.H. Longworth, Depot Agent, Brandon, Man.

ROBT. KERR, General Passenger

Agent, Winnipeg, Man.

WHY WAIT ?

Until the cold weather sets in
before leaving your orders for
Furs. You will find it to your
advantage to call on us at an
early date as

YOU CAN SAVE

25 PER CENT.

By ordering from us now.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

J. S. DOUGLAS & CO.,

500 MAIN STREET,

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Great North West-Central

RAILWAY.

In Effect Saturday July 6th, 1895.

An opportunity to pass through the celebrated St. Clair Tunnel. Baggage is checked through in bond, and there is no customs examination.

OCEAN PASSAGES

And Berths secured to and from Great Britain, Europe, China and Japan. All first-class steamship lines are represented.

THE GREAT TRANSCONTINENTAL

ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

For tickets and further information apply

to any of the Company's agents, or J. P.

BRISBIN, Agent, Brandon; H. SWINFORD, Gen-

eral Agent, Winnipeg or CHASS. FEE, General

Passenger agent, St. Paul.

8.00 Leave 6.00 Arrive 17.45

9.00 " " 17.30

9.40 " " 16.20

10.00 " " 16.00

10.40 " " 15.25

11.00 " " 15.00

11.40 " " 14.30

12.00 Arrive 14.00

Leave 14.00

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Oct. 28.—R. S. White's resignation has been received by the speaker, and a warrant has been issued for his arrest in Cardwell. The date is fixed until the government has returned officer.

Oct. 28.—At the T.H. and on Saturday one of the officers fell on a number of working men of them. They O'Brien, John Stronide, H. James Anderson, T. Knight, and E. Washington, Jenkins, and O'Brien have been taken

Oct. 28.—A crowd of men from Alberta, Canada and British possessions. A big one more than in spring in the available and conditions. A small colony under the lead of W. Taylor, one of the now located in the North-Western slope of the mountains. Taylor is in harmony with the church leaders, and the more colonies of Utah the greater will be influence. The practice is, although dead in Utah, is permissible under the state made with that part of the possessions to which the state belongs.

Oct. 28.—The alarming situation in Hong Kong against Russia by treaty required with China has again turned to another her fleet at and railroads which had Vladivostok with that as the great subject of news, although the report was assigned by the British press. The Westminster Gazette soon commenting upon events in the east, points again an excellent opportunity for marking a path which it describes as a higher diplomacy of the East and Great Britain, to bring into the English world, confidently look for improving the Westminster papers. "America with our Pacific power. For years taken great interest in Japan, Korea and the interest of John Bull and Napoleon are identical. With- stockton status quo, and a greater share of what advantages may be going, Times Hong Kong dispatched, and the Czar's advisers were persevere in their determination to disturb the balance of power. Japan will look and these friends are absent Britain and the United States the little anxiety in the far east will be cheaply bought if it be carefully considering the dramatic naval relations between the Atlantic and the Pacific world can be strengthened than in holding over such petty matters and the obligations and Nicaragua."

CITY OF BRANDON.

CONTRACTORS

Tenders addressed to the Mayor and endorsed "Tenders for St. Bridge" will be received on Nov. 15th for the construction of a Highway Bridge across the River at Eighteen Mile of Brandon. Plans and drawings may be seen, and all information at the office of Mr. Alexander, City Engineer.

Designs of tendering are to make personal enquiry of the work to be done, and ascertain themselves, and that tenders will not be names made on the printed sheet, the blank paper being signed with their actual signatures.

Under must be accompanied by bank cheque made on the Six Trusts, City of Brandon, two per cent of the tender, which will be paid to the party decline to accept when called upon should be paid to complete satisfaction.

If not accepted, the same returned, or any tender not necessary.

P. E. DUNST,
Chairman of Board of Works,
May, 26, 1895.

Patch Grief with Proverbs

but does try to patch up a lingering cough or cold by trying experimental remedies. Take

PYNY-PECTORAL

and relief is certain to follow. Cures the most obstinate coughs, colds, sore throats, in fact every form of throat, lung or bronchial inflammation induced by cold.

Large Bottle, 25 Cents.



An Agreeable Laxative and PERTURBATIVE TONIC.
Solid Druggist's or Liquid, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 per package. Sample free.

KO NO The Favorite JAPANESE POWDER
FOR TEETHING.

FOR SALE BY N. J. HALPIN, DRUGGIST.

SORES FROM BAD BLOOD.

Dear Sirs.—For quite a long time my blood was very bad, large sores would break out on me from a small scratch. I started to take your B. B. which completely cured me. I recommend Blood Bitters to all suffering from bad blood.

Olive-Cole, Lyndoch, Ont.

THREATENED WITH PNEUMONIA.

Gentlemen.—Last spring I had a very heavy cold and was threatened with pneumonia. I used two bottles of Norway Pine Syrup and it completely cured me. It is the best preparation for a cough I have ever used.

L.K. Macdonald, Whycoomagh, Cape Breton.

TO CURE CROUP.

Dear Sirs.—I have used Hargrave's Yellow Ointment with excellent success and I think it is the best medicine ever made. I am never without it in the house.

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NOT MERELY RELIEF BUT CURE.

It is said of many remedies that they relieve for a time but the disease afterwards returns. Burdock Blood Bitters, being a radical cure, not only relieves but permanently cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Bilious Complaints, Headache, Bad Blood, etc. Hundreds of wealthy witnesses tell gladly that B. B. cures you once and forever.

DOCTORS SAY IT IS THE BEST.

Gentlemen.—I recommend Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with pleasure. Last July I took Confection of the Lungs and was in nearly four weeks in bed. Dr. L. L. L. could not speak above a whisper. Dr. Lasson, of Hamtramck, attended me and sent a bottle of Milburn's Emulsion. It is the very best medicine I have ever used. My voice and strength are back again.

Yours truly,

A. Smith, Wheatland, Man.

TEN THOUSAND TIMES.

Ten thousand times over Hargrave's Balsam has proved itself a sure cure for coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, sore throat, quinsy and all pulmonary complaints.



The most prompt, pleasant and perfect cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Croup, Cough, Quinsy, Lung in the Chest and all Throat, Bronchial and Lung Diseases.

The healing antiseptic virtues of the Norway Pine are combined in this medicine with Wild Cherry and other pectoral Herbs and Balsams to make a powerful remedy for all disease originating from colds.

Price 25c. and 50c.

Kindergarten

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MRS. ELLIS here informs the ladies of Brandon that she has established a KINDERGARTEN SCHOOL at the corner of 12th Street and Princess Avenue.

Advanced pupils received during the summer holidays.

Sewing Classes, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons past four to half past five. Sewing machine taught for 25c. a quarter.

Are You Looking ... FOR HEALTH AND WEALTH?

Diseases follow each other in quick succession and people often suffer for months before they realize what is the cause of them? Avoid INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA by using

Halpin's Pure Baking Powder.

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SCHOOL BOOKS!

SCRIBBLERS AND ALL SCHOOL REQUISITES.

THE LARGEST AND BEST VARIETY IN THE CITY.

SEE THE LARGE STOCK OF NEW STATIONERY NOW BEING OPENED AT

CLIFFE'S BOOKSTORE

—BLANK BOOKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.—

ENVELOPES, NOTE PAPERS AND PADS.

BANDON - ROLLER - MILLS.

ALEXANDER, KELLY & CO., PROPRIETORS.

With a capacity of over 300 barrels per day are now in complete running order and fully equipped for the best manufacture of all grades of Flour, Oatmeal, Granulated Foods and Pearled Barley. The brands of Flour now manufactured and what will be delivered to all parts of the city from the mill or through any of the city dealers, are:

—SNOW DUFFET, — or Fancy Patent, one of the best Pastry Flours in the market, and is the highest grade manufactured.

—LILY, — or Family Patent—this is a Flour that we can recommend for general family use, and will be found to give the highest satisfaction.

—BAKERS' PRIDE, — The highest grade of Strong Bakers' manufactured, and its qualities are superior to anything of the kind ever before placed on the market.

—XX XX X, — This is a grade somewhat lower than the above, and in the manufacture of which is used only the best quality of wheat. It is used for manufacture of Brown Bread and is an excellent food for all purposes.

Our facilities for manufacturing the following are of a superior order and they are always in stock at low prices.

Rolled Oats, Granulated Oatmeal, Standard Oatmeal, Rolled Wheat,

Pearled Wheat, Pearled Barley and Pot Barley

All Goods Sold at the Lowest Market Prices for Best Brands.

CHOPPING AND GRISTING

done every day. Chopping 8 cents per hundred, and Gristing 15 cents per bushel for which we give the best grade of Lily Patent. Satisfaction assured all patrons.

ALEXANDER, KELLY & CO.

WM. FERGUSON... DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, - LIQUORS - AND - CIGARS.

THE ONLY HOUSE WEST OF WINNIPEG THAT HAS CUSTOMS AND EXCISE BONDING WAREHOUSE.

Bassa's Ale, Guinness' Stout, Milwaukee Lager and all Domestic Ales, Lager, and Stout kept in stock

Robinson & Co.

AVAILABLE
TO
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Fashionable Goods.

The abundant Harvest, which will soon be housed, demands for the people of this country a better class of FASHIONABLE DRY GOODS.

WE

Have lately added to our already Mammoth Store "A NEW DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT", which facilitates the display of our immense importations.

WE

Will be pleased to have our out-of-town customers call on us or write for samples.

ROBINSON & CO. ROBINSON & CO.

Brown & Mitchell, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN THRESHERS' SUPPLIES,

ENDLESS RUBBER BELTS.

RUBBER BELTING, ALL SIZES,
LEATHER BELTING, ALL SIZES,
LOW-DOWN TANK PUMPS,
SUCTION HOSE.

GREASE CUTS,

ARCTIC CUP GREASE,
RUBBER PACKING,
ASBESTOS PACKING,
SOAPSTONE PACKING,
HEMP PACKING.

BRASS AND IRON FITTINGS ALL KINDS AND SIZES.

OUR MOTTO, THE BEST GOODS AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

BROWN & MITCHELL.



SCALDS and Burns are soothed at once with Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER.

It takes out the fire, reduces the inflammation, and prevents blistering. It is the quickest and most effectual remedy for pain that is known. Keep it by you.



WHILE WE LIVE WE'LL CROW

—ABOUT—

Young & Co's.

Cheap Groceries.

THEY SELL AT WHOLESALE PRICES FOR CASH.

HAVE HEAPS OF GROCERIES, LOTS OF APPLES AND

LOW PRICES.

YOUNG - & - CO.

all at The Red Front Store.

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.

MUTUAL PRINCIPLE.

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And is sold about one-half the rates charged by old system companies.

THE MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION.

New business for June, 1895

\$5,917,560.00

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5,600,000.00

Increase 1895

251,715.00

Reserve Fund nearly.

\$4,000,000.00

Death claims paid over

22,000,000.00

Insurance in force over

300,000,000.00

Price

JAS. A. SMART,

GENERAL AGENT.

LOCAL AGENT.

Laplant Block, Brandon.

BLIND JUSTICE.

A STORY OF TO-DAY.

There was the small grating that gave directly on the kitchen. I looked in. Jake was in the act of lifting the iron ring of the trap-door, and the Styrian, with indifference in his expression, was looking on.

My first impulse was to smile, for Jake had literally one eye on the door, fearing my return, and the other on his companion, who only frowned and looked up at Jake pointed to the black void below, repeating, "Seth Treloar, Seth Treloar," over and over again.

Then ensued a display of histrionic power, for which I was not in the least prepared, for snatching up a piece of cord lying near, he rapidly wound it round his arms, simulating a man who is severely bound, then threw himself on the ground, stretched himself stiffly out, and simulated death.

The Styrian watched him closely, but without visible comprehension, till Jake by a series of jerks that showed considerable muscular energy, but still preserving in all his features a corset-like rigidity, brought himself to the open mouth of the cellar and made a feint of going through it head foremost.

This I need scarcely say, he was most certain not to do, and having opened his eyes wide, he pointed downward with such violence, that with Treloar down there, till the sudden look of comprehension on the Styrian's face convinced him that he was indeed dead.

Then he replaced the trap-door, tossed the cord back to where he found it, brushed off some of the dust from his jersey, and with condescending nod meant to convey, "it's all true," made tracks for the door.

But the Styrian's strong arm caught him back.

"Murdered!" burst from his lips in Austrian, and in defiance of common sense, but strange to say, whether it be that the thought of murder, or rather its image, is able to convey itself in one flash from eye to eye, being by its human horror as well understood of the dead as the dumb. Jake distinctly understood the Styrian's question and nodded vehemently.

For a few moments the stranger stood motionless, all his energies concentrated in thought, then he made a gesture of inquiry, that said as plain as possible, "How?"

Jake was equal to the occasion, and performed his part so well that I was not surprised to hear after that he had often rehearsed the whole drama in the tap-room of the "Cough and Crew."

He gossiped the room, throwing himself into lands vehemently, and his thundered out Austrian, "Not No! Impossible!" reached me clearly where I stood.

Jake shrung his shoulders and slipped away, he knew he had stayed too long already.

For some moments after he had gone the Styrian stood motionless, revolting many things clearly not pleasant in his mind. Then he snuffed exultantly and half drew from a fold in his coat a pocket knife, and with evident workspace, and it needed no significant look at the stain across leading to my sleeping quarters to convince me that here was a man only to be foisted at serious personal risk to the fender.

He puked the pistol, produced the little horn box, shook out some of its contents into the palm of his hand, and swallowed it.

I saw the color distinctly—white. Involuntarily I thought of another man whom I had seen taking a pinch of white powder out of a box, but with very different results.

Over the Styrian's face stole the same expression of voluptuous satisfaction that I had noticed on the previous night, then he turned to the table as though his appetite was really good, and I was about waiting for mine to dawn and fall to.

The act convinced me of his utter contempt and indifference to me. I wanted for nothing, he had come to fulfil a purpose, and meant to do it; my presence could neither hinder nor advance him one jot. So he thought—but through my brain had just darted an idea so wild, so inspired, that I felt absolutely giddy as I left my hole-hood and regained the fresh morning air.

CHAPTER X.

The Styrian had the grace to rise as I entered the room but in the very tone of his greeting I observed a change and knew that he already distrusted me.

His appetite, however, was in no way affected for he put away his quantities of butter, bread, and milk looking at me with a kind of pity as I milked my mother, ate meal of coffee and bread. When he had finished he leaned across the table and looked me full in the face a touch, rose, like-eyed fellow who might have passed for a brigand whose only law was his own will.

"Seth Treloar was murdered," he said. "Who murdered him?"

I neither turned my eyes away from him, nor answered save by shrugging my shoulders, and shaking my head.

"He was killed first, then thrown down that trap-door," the pointed to it. "Why was he killed? I repeat, who killed him?"

"That is what I am trying to find out," I said.

The Styrian looked at me with eyes that searched my very soul.

"You do not know," he said.

"Does anyone know?" said the Styrian.

"No, Seth Treloar," he said. "Of course—the man who killed Seth Treloar."

"I believe Seth Treloar killed himself."

"And who threw him down the trap-door?"

"Another person—for reasons wholly unconnected with his death."

The Styrian sat rigid, and concentrated in thought.

"It is a strange story," he said. "A man dies, is thrust into a cellar. He is led blind by his own hand, why not bury him? To whose advantage was it to hide him? Whoever did so must surely have done under suspicion."

I said nothing, the filling of my pipe occupied me.

"You are playing the fool with me," said the Styrian in a hoarse guttural voice, "but the truth I will have given you."

I laughed contemptuously at his melodramatic tone.

"It is not my life that is in question," I said, "but that of, as I believe, an entirely innocent person. The manner of Seth Treloar's death did not arouse suspicion, and the person accused is now in prison."

I paused.

"Found guilty," said the Styrian.

"Under sentence of death," I continued, "but that person no more murdered him than you or I did."

"Who was the person?" said the Styrian.

"I said easily, for by now I saw what

"The woman," I said, "with whose portrait you fell in love, and whom you have come all the way to seek; the woman," I added slowly, "who was his wife."

The Styrian thrust back his chair, leaped to his feet, and turned on me with ferocity of a mad bull.

"Hi—hi—his wife! You are mad, and a—"

"She is his sister; she would not have dared to feel me out."

He literally towered over me. His great stature seemed to rise higher with the wrath and fury that swelled him; his clenched fist involuntarily moved to fall with crushing force on my nose, and I can stir, and with an oath he dropped it by his side, though his features remained dark and convulsed with passion.

"He lied to you," I said quietly; "he was always a liar and a rogue. And he wanted to make her something worse than himself. So far he meant honestly by you, but he means dishonestly by you, that he would have taken her to you, and sold her his sister—if she would have let him."

And he killed him, when he told her of his intention," said the Styrian with a snarl, "and bid him yonder! She must be a strong woman, and her will must be as strong as her heart." He snatched at a slender gold chain hanging round his throat, and drew out a locket, which he opened, and looked at with a frown that gradually softened into extraordinary tenderness and love. "She did right," he said suddenly and passionately, "and bid him yonder."

"She is his wife; he can't be away now, but he is a liar!" His wrath here when Seth Treloar died, and how can't you know about it?" she added, exercising the common sense that excitement had for a time driven from its stronghold.

"That I cannot tell you," said I, "though he can. You ask me what you are to do—something harsh, probably, than you have either skill or strength for."

"What be it?" asked Judith, looking at me with somber, distrustful eyes.

"Feel him, I said with energy. "Does a captive trust from him the hand that contains his ransom? Hide your detection of his offer, let me tell him that you must have time to think over his proposals, and meantime I will watch him, and try to surprise his secret."

"How could I serve 'im so?" said Judith reproachfully, "an' after Seth Treloar he chatted 'im every way, an' bluffed 'im here on a full o'er?" Mappin, too, "twarz this man's gold 't belt."

"Yes," I said, "he sent it as a marriage gift to her, but Seth never meant it to reach your hand."

"Aw!" said Judith, "it's safe eno', an' 'e'll see it be paid back to 'im, won't 'e?" Poor sow," she added with all a Cornish woman's sense of justice, "him goin' to give her a sum o' money, an' then lookin' at the virgin an' unkindly as she spoke, and his face softened so instantly that I saw how he would be as wax in her hands, had she but the skill and the courage to handle him."

At that moment the door opened and Stephen Craft came in.

Pale, haggard, the ghost of his former self, he yet looked beautiful as a god compared with the repulsive but picturesque figure of the Styrian, at the sight of whom he stood still, arrested by surprise, while Judith with a cry of joy ran forward, and

"Like a rose blossom on a gusty night," fell into the arms that involuntarily closed around her.

The church had banned and the law had cursed the pair, yet methought I never saw more truly loving man and wife than those twin, upon whom the Styrian gazed with saffron eyes, and face disfigured with passion and jocund rage.

"Poor 'e," said I, "I said to Stevie's chumming side, 'is the Styrian of whom Seth Treloar told Judith.' When Seth did not return he came over here in search of him, and also on another and more mysterious errand."

"An' what may that be?" said Stephen, his face suddenly growing stern and an angry light coming into his blue eyes, while Judith pressed closely to him, closely as a loving woman might cling."

"He came to fetch Judith," I said, "Judith whom he believed to be Seth's sister, and who had been promised to him as his wife."

"Aw!" said Steve with a fierce laugh, "he can tell 'im 't go along home to wance, like, have come a bit late i' th' day, for more reasons nor one."

Loudly he smoothed Judith's hair as he spoke, and over her head the two men exchanged looks of hatred and defiance, that in Stephen were strongly mingled with triumph.

"He is not to be despised," I said, "this man knows the true secret of Seth Treloar's death, and a word from him would open those prison gates and make Judith a free woman."

Stephen's arms slipped from Judith, and he stood looking at me with dazed eyes, too deeply stunned for joy or more than partial comprehension.

"Be 'e t' make a fule o' me?" he said at last; "'e' had always a be'f 'er bon' an' how can she know aught o' what 'e' warn' here 'e' see?"

"Fule?" said Judith, "he can speak for 'e'an' wunnotin'! But 'e'll just make 'e' un."

"Now," said Judith, pulling him back, "he sets too big a price 'pon it for we. What do 'e' think it be?"

Stephen's breast heaved as Judith's face of mingled love and scorn told him the truth, and the hot blood rushed into his veins.

"How dare 'im," he cried, "make bargains w' a poor sawlin' play pitchan' to 'is wife with 'is son, an' turfin' folks has never seen, but who does not know, my dear, we want hear a word on 't."

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